NUMBER

A MAGAZINE OF MODERN POETRY

SPRING • 1950

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VOL. I NUMBER NO. 1

INTRODUCTION

Poetry sees things as new. It is not a mere retelling of experience, but becomes for the reader the experience itself. In poetry the streets, wires, and walls of the city have not been seen before. The sea is a new sea we have stumbled on as a child.

Poetry seeks to catch and record the intricate webwork of feeling and perception. It is a discovery as exciting as a dream, having an exactness parallel to the exactness of science.

Poetry destroys the conventions of language, shattering their surfaces like mirrors. We believe that, for the poet, intellectualism can be the greatest barrier: That poetry must reflect *you* first, and your education (learned patterns) afterwards. Poetry releases your reactions as an individual, unprejudiced by the impedimenta of language or education.

Poetry is you. It is your self's child looking at the world with new eyes.

—D. W.

NOTE: We realize that many of the problems of modern poetry are far from being solved. Therefore the views expressed in this issue of *Number,* and the poetry published here, will not keep us from being interested in every kind of poetry. Our main question is, is it good? If so, we have no hesitancy about publication. We are also interested in our readers' opinions regarding the problems of modern poetry and in the readers' reaction to our magazine (good or bad?), and intend to run a column of reader criticism.

INTRODUCTION TO THE POETS

All the writers published in this issue—Vol. I, No. 1—of *Number,* studied with me during 1949 in *The Workshop in Poetry Writing* of the *University of California, Extension Division.* After I have looked at the page proofs of their poetry, it is very pleasant to feel I can say that this is very good work.

That is, I think it is good work if you judge by the standards of those magazines which publish what is generally accepted as good poetry. But it is something more important: it is the first appearance of several considerable poetic talents, and it shows the definitive development of other writers who have already had a good deal of publication.

The magazine *Number* may well be one in which it will be interesting to follow. The idea of publishing it arose spontaneously among the members of the workshop group, not as is almost expected with new magazines, merely because each of those concerned wanted to see his own poetry published, but largely because each one of them was excited about and enthusiastic about the work being done by the others. They have had a real interest in seeing the development of the new writers, as each one in turn has pushed his work through into poetic reality. And they have understood and appreciated the successful lines in beginners' work. In all, they have been genuine, and so it has been gratifying to work with them.

Nevertheless I conscientiously discouraged the editors' first idea —to conduct a magazine for the publication of the work of this group only: and of course pointed out the difficulties in publishing any poetry magazine whatever. They were not discouraged, but I understand they now intend to use good poetry from any source. Therefore this first issue only, is to be made up entirely of work from *The Poetry Workshop.*

As such there is a surprising range in style. These writers have indeed influenced each other somewhat, and it is difficult to see how

they could have failed to do so. But there seem to be more differences in their poetry than between the poems of most poets published in good magazines—who may not know each other and will probably disclaim all influences—but often do seem to have about the same ideas and to have imitated the same masters.

The range in the work published here is more surprising, seeing that many of these writers use an approach to poetry, common to them, but otherwise unusual, and which I think is worth discussing. That is, they begin with the concept that the poet can work from an ideal of exact logical communication, can try to make this communication first, and then try to add some of the excitement of poetry itself; or the poet can work to get the excitement of poetry from the first, to make his lines as much poetry as possible, before trying to make a clear meaning in something corresponding to logical terms. They are not at all sure whether the writers who take the latter attitude do not have more interest in writing poetry.

This is a sort of summary of their attitude. Actually there are many doubts and differences. But in general I think they want to make reading the poem as exciting an experience for the reader, as the experience which caused it to be written was for the writer. They are satisfied if at first the reader will say, "I don't know what it means, but I like it." Not satisfied with this finally: but since they do begin with the intention of making an equivalent, in the artificial environment of words, of a sufficient experience occurring in the environment of life—they take the making of a sufficient poetic experience as the first objective, even when it has no corresponding logical interpretation.

They are not necessarily accurate in this theory, for several reasons. Certainly other writers in the workshop are not satisfied unless they begin by using something like a clear logical meaning.

But any theory is correct for the writer it works for. And this way of working is after all a fortunate one for those who can use it, because the working out of poetic techniques does not become a

laborious process for them, but rather a series of discoveries: and because learning to make the patterns of the poem is not something entirely separate, re-discoveries also by the poet of the world and of himself.

Some of the writers published here work also with the seminar group, the so-called Activist group and some do not. This is partly because there is a radical difference in approach in the seminar group. There the writers acquire a wide range of technical skill, before deciding on the individual directions which will be most direct and usable for them.

But in the public classes, in the place of technical discipline each writer is brought to indicate, early in his work, the type of poetry in which he can develop most naturally. Then only those techniques are explored, which he can use immediately. In either case the work is individual and each writer chooses his own type of development.

The poems included here have been selected as follows: some of the best work of the past year is presented; but to give a cross-section, this has been supplemented by at least one poem from every producing writer, who has attended the workshop both during the past eight weeks period and the present one. Many writers who are publishing only one poem here could profitably be featured by a group of poems, and the paragraphs which introduce their poems could profitably be much longer, if there were space. Notes about the various poets follow.

The reader cannot help seeing that this is a first publication for at least half the poets presented here. This I think makes the fine quality of their poems more significant, and *Number* more important as the magazine which discovered them and is first to publish them.

—Lawrence Hart.

ALICE PAULA . . .

teaches Junior high school in San Francisco, works with children in dramatics and dancing, is interested in modern dance. She has a stubborn unconventionality in the use of words, which has resisted the supposed conventionalizing effect of teaching and teacher-training. The result is that while she sometimes uses unacceptable constructions and word-combinations, there are also passages of actual brilliance, and some with a quality comparable to that in primitive painting. This is her first publication.

ONE

Welling into a sunken bowl
My tears chatter down
Like the swords of the desperate.
The door of the lid opens,
And I see
The indentured bone
That endures like a weapon,
The hands, worn as temples,
Holding their floors outside.

The wind streams by on wheels,
Spreading its tentacles of spiral,
The dark clouds climb like vines.

Truly, I must love you,
A love bold like the unalterable
Striding confirmations over the rocks—
Until only, stem of earth, the granite mound,
Stands open to your sorrow.

TWO

Licking with a clarity of knife
Is a trickle-down fear.
What if the deep is a death,
Though in certain authority
Unknown in immediacy,
And the arms fold like towels,
Limping with the hour into decease.

O before the hands spin time beneath,
And licks of terror stand
Silent and solemn in rehearsal,
And the whip stirs in its tong:
Would that some combine of fate and deed
Could shake into the mad.

THREE

A cloud clamps itself as a stationary wave
And awaits a single mouth to crash or wed.

The waves mount on sounds of moving roars,
They sizzle onto a tray of shore.
Mixing like the orchestrated,
Their overtones. Memory
Stills the constancy of its brocade.
Clanking me forward,
My sorrows trash all living,
Like the whip of leathery eyes.

O swarm of birds
Lining the sky,
Your plane is shelved on nothing.

TEKLA PERRY . . .

was born in California and is now a San Franciscan, but has lived for a long time in Chihuahua, Mexico. This is her first published poem.

TRAIL OF THE PADRES

The ocean washes the body clean from the bones
and beats with the bones on little white stones
dead in the sea and the eucalyptus sways in the wind
The sky pulls up the ocean in the equinox
the wind whistles in the uncovered bones
the eyes of the dead come near
and nearer and I call my love
The carlights follow the overhead wires
Like cobwebs wet with my tears

I move the pins on the map
and turn to the sun and the inland earth
And farther and farther away the ocean
and the eucalyptus leaves are falling

ELVA WILLAMS . . .

has published many short stories in national magazines, and one book of poetry, *A Night In a Rented Room,* a long narrative which had excellent reviews. Nevertheless this is the first magazine publication of any of her poetry. There is a strong, mature quality in this recent work. It seems to me to be far superior to the poetry in her published volume.

EVENING POEM

When come nearly night and the mind
Begins again strewing its mushrooms,
Then the who of animal in us asks
What is it rare in one so random
Come into the spiked arena, goaded
To knock, to stumble against the spindles,
In the inveterate and elbowed place,
Intact through dreaded turn. All in a night side
We do scan ourselves, askim and astonished.
Also the conquerors, grasping their apples,
Really faithfully lust for a center,
A nethermost newness—nothing sure of.

(When come nearly night the old omens
Again begin wagging their frights at us.)

WINTER POEM

"But there must be autumn too . . .
when also the physician is afraid."
—*Donne.*

And they shall die in their beds of the heart's refusal.
Likewise they shall die
From a baulking of the blood, in ignorance
of where the wheel was, blind to know
where to locate the lag—the mutiny
of what small valve it was that fed
the now felled colossus through all those bedrooms.

With the sigh as soft as a stirring curtain
and the owl of eye that battened on exactitude,
a hole of nonsense now, gone gadding
past the polished mirrors,
further than the topmost floor, yonder from the roof.

THREE POETS

Much of the workshop poetry has been done by writers who wanted to get complex emotional patterns on paper. But some of them want to do poetry, instead, which is as direct and accessible as they can make it. Most usual themes seem to be handled with sentimentality and false artifice, in most cases, in contemporary magazines—and therefore there is almost no natural bridge for the beginner, into the more sophisticated work of the period. Hence I have been pleased to see some of these writers trying to find ways to deal accurately and sincerely with experiences which are relatively uncomplex: with the texture of daily happenings, and with usual emotions, told with the greatest simplicity of style which they can manage.

ESTELLE CHILDS . . .

lives in Richmond Annex and comes from a newspaper family: her father, her father's brother and her husband have all been newspaper publishers. This is her first publication.

ASSIGNMENT II

The hills have no substance—
They are part of the clouds today,

The ocean is fogged with distance
And spray.

There is no San Francisco.
On the sky
The bridge is a line of shadow
Where gulls fly.

MAY CARL . . .

is a beginner in modern poetry, working for simple effects. A native of San Francisco with a pioneer background. She has been published in newspapers and verse magazines.

RAIN

The dragon flies are always seen
In shades of blue and some of green

The dark clouds clutter up the sky
The winds bend down
The birds go by in many crowds
And then comes rain.

WINIFRED JOHNSON . . .

edits a column of poetry for the *Piedmonter.* She is a member of the California Writers Club. She has been published in newspapers and verse magazines.

BIRDS IN BARE JAPONICA

This skeletal bush
with an inside flowering of sparrows.
Groundwise,
a brace of robins state their size
in hops.

Now, among the small ones,
there is a signalled lifting of wings,
and all the tangled sticks
are shaken with birds.
They shuttle the brittle boughs
to new places.

I, too, am more for the berried bush,
more taken with tomorrow's flower of quince.

MARY GREENFIELD . . .

uses a somewhat more complex effect than that of the foregoing simple sensory poems, but tries to retain something of the same clarity. She has lived in California and in New England, and is an amateur naturalist.

WHOSE FEET PUT PRINTS

Somewhere the casters of the sky
roll through the foreheads—and rooms
are deckled habits in the hands
of them: whose feet put prints
on unlaid pavements.

PROPITIATION FOR UNPRECISION

Here the round hats of workers
Bloom in the rootless earth,
There, the floors of brown soil
Combed to an edge of trees.

Under a glass hung sky
Cows bend the shade of fences,
On their backs the autumn grasses,
Beyond them the separate mountains.

MARTHA HEYNEMAN . . .

was graduated from the University of California in 1948, and now lives in Washington, D. C., where her husband works at the Congressional Library. In addition to her work in this workshop, she has studied with Muriel Ruykeyser, and currently is studying with Karl Shapiro.

The sensory reporting which follows is not entirely characteristic of her poetry, but is an experiment performed as an assignment. She has been published in the *Hopkins Review.*

SENSORY REPORTING

I When lights among leaves brighten and
Brighten and bottle-chips quick shoot shine lines out,
The lady bugs split their backs to fly
And all the birds start bouncing on their backward knees.

II The ash-can clanged on its concrete base,
Crackled its eggshells, cocked its lid
And let fly three brown birds.

III Shine sticks to leaves slickest to the finger.
They shake and tilt and spill it off,
But shine sticks till all the bough goes black.

The face of a fly is nothing but eyes;
And yet, when he dies
His wings beat shines out of the window pane
And he ties his legs in knots before they fall
In three black crosses on his chest.

KENNETH PETTITT . . .

is a senior at the University of California. In the first of the following poems he is working more or less under the stimulus of sensory reporting, using detached objective patterns in place of a more direct statement of emotion. He has been published in *The Quarterly Review of Literature* and in a number of local magazines: *Berkeley, Pacific* and *Contour.*

THE HUSBAND

Here the corridor which lines
a courtyard, and departs its parts,
as arches, to a point where no arch is,
yet is, since corridors continue so.

There at end he sits,
contemplates a world reversed in size,
all angles out, to left and right, improper.

Say he sits where all points toward him,
is self only: yes, he'd want one woman turn
her head, until he'd see each eye. Let one
eyelid interfere the constant shine that centers him,

precipitating corridor, is stopped by self,
he'd say: no nerve must interrupt your search
for my visual textures. Each arch is exit;
leave now, or tend to total love.

Yet, from where he sits, sees out,
all points away, her form and acts,
a sky is magnified in all directions,
all her parts apparent, each important,
each portent.

A TREE AS IT REALLY ISN'T

Didn't you know that a tree is racked out of wires,
is a bustle where prisms putter out,
pellet out plants with tin continents,
and, is a can and a cage for crows,
and cormorants, with sparks in their beaks,
their quills always clucking like pistols?

Don't drop your lids over this one, Kilmer,
we all saw your tree like a nest or doilie,
where birds sit soft as sealing wax,
fringing all over with feathers,
all let their eggs slip out like cameos.

And so from tree, out skirts some woman,
robinned, preened,
she leaves, like Queen Victoria,
her prune-embroidering branches.

DON WOBBER . . .

editor of *Number*, is in the printing business in San Francisco. He won both first and second prize awards in poetry at San Jose State College in a Phelan contest. This is his first publication.

ARTIST

The scandled man paints in his apartment
With pistons belching in his head
Yet the hoe in the field delicately
Clips its chunk of soil
To grow new minerals and wars.

A pigment man
Beating on a two dimensional
Ceiling, who cannot control his suns—
Can hardly change the filaments of
Wall, or the singled attics of thoughts.
Or the soul of ape chattering beneath
His bird-cage skull.
What can he say swinging back
And forth with the rhythm of color
Painted on his nails? Only the
Heart, blue and pulpy on stone.
Only the crooked fingers
Hairlessly touching the blackness of wood,
A black bough, dead and fierce.

Only the liquid eye moving
The dimensions like checkers
On a beaded table.

BRING THE CRIPPLED

Bring the crippled and distorted
To the icicle idol
Like chattels or chimes
To the ears of the blind.

Lead the burled blossom
Like a dream to water
Let the hand sigh
On absolute logs
Let the rivers run like
Dresses
To the supple secrets.

LAKE LUST

The hair of turtles amazes one who looks
To lakes.
The prospect shakes its interests
Out like feathers in a broom.
And those muddy sees hold the
Surprise of closets, or hidden chimes
Or warts beneath the skin aching to be present.
And so it is with life careening its golden flops
Before us.
Who has the lake lust likes the slobberers
The haired tortoises peering down their cuffs
Like so many waterdogs at the winged flickers
Floating on the forest way, or the veteraned
Wasp sitting on a pollen rock, chewing the
News of horse races, or wars, or other diversions
Over his morning paper.

SUZANNE SULLIVAN . . .

has lived in Wisconsin and California. She is a member of the California Writers Club, is employed in a book shop near the University of California campus. She wants to write, without sentimentality or overwriting, about basic and homely personal experiences. She has been published in verse magazines.

TIME ITSELF ALTERS THE IDEA OF TIME

I've said tomorrow
certain the black plumes only rise
above the aged and the sick.
I have seen the dead
in skin of mummy-cloth
among the banquet foods . . .
I have seen them
bathed and dressed . . . laid
beneath the roots and stones,
and wondered if
from slimmer space
they heard the service for the dead.
My sight has learned to penetrate
the safe and ignorant blank—
areas are lighted in my mind,
the whispered edict of the cold
is echoing through the cavern . . .
the unpetitioned voice.

MARY HUTTON . . .

has been at work on an English translation of the French women poets. She is the wife of a micro-biologist at the University of California in San Francisco. This is her first publication.

LINES

Following this map where
contours of relief configure
lines limited to your less odd shoulder,
I am stumbled out of your landscape,
hilled into memory,
alive through thickets of stone
and the chapparal burning in all its branches.

Still is thy star-stud set on me like belief
bold for my stagger,
thy love branching my stirrup,
whistling the hound of miracle to heel
over a green hill going down.

FOUR POETS

Each of the following poets has done only one poem which could be called mature work, but I think these single poems are very acceptable. None of them has been previously published.

NANYING STELLA WONG . . .

is a San Francisco artist who has exhibited her paintings in San Francisco, Los Angeles and in Europe. She has used Chinese techniques in watercolors, sculpture, fashion design and book illustration.

ON VALUES

The shadow of the ricksha rolled into the gape of night—
  You and I were lost;
A sudden diamond trembled and splintered the ebony!
  I flung my brocaded salmon back to the wrinkled sea—
Come, O come, give me your hand . . .

JEANNETTE TELLOCK . . .

once taught school in Wisconsin, now works for the west coast office of D. C. Heath & Co., publishers.

POEM

In the caves of the sun he the Nightshade
foresaw this room of the dust and the dead-leaf.
Daffodils smothered by broken straws.

Two hollow hands cast gold to the winds.

On the wings of the wind they the dry-wilt
far fly their paths of the thorn and the tube-rose.
Destinies scattered by timeless winds.

A blind man will rake leaves in the fall.

ANN MARIE LARSON . . .

from Rhode Island, is a stenographer for the Standard Oil Company of California. She conducts classes for children for the Unitarian Church of San Francisco.

POEM

Was it you who stood by the hill gate, waiting,
While a shipwreck of pebbles hummed on the door?
Who saw sunshine burrow from the sand of a pool
And dropped in a stoneful of circles?

Moss like moccasins under these trees,
And shade seeks its level on the hillocks.
But the reflection of candles seeps into the earth
At the taut bow-corner of the eye.

EMILY PAUSCH . . .

was born in the Midlands of England, studied at Oxford on a scholarship, and at the University of California.

THREE IDEAS ON A THEME

These I have gathered like lilac and rosemary into a curving bowl—
mornings first needles of rain on the heavy lidded night of body
pillowed comfort of words that unwound the tangled skeins of the skull,
a ship that sailed beside me on the wind as I ran from your face.

ERA CHAMBERLAIN . . .

has taught school in Oakland, partly in preparing pupils for the Subject A examinations of the University of California. Until recently she was interested only in conventional poetry, now is learning contemporary techniques.

MONTEREY CYPRESSES

The sea, stone-cutter to cliffs,
How it bides its time
Building up its strength, comber by comber,
To conquer the beloved enemy.

And out of fissures in the opposing rock
Cypresses, catching on their surfaces
Brilliants, as the breakers—
Like pages the hand turns one by one—
Rise against the ledges.

Or among the dunes, in clusters the weird figures
Stand. Why this rocky place, O cypresses,
These pale barrows,
How have you crossed the waters to this shore?

BETTY TURNOY . . .

worked for two years on the staff of the Chicago Sun, is now a secretary for Free & Peters, National Radio Representatives. This is her first publication.

MARCH

This hurdy-gurdy gloom
like pleats and the bleating of sheep
flocks in me, crookless.
Waves like quick lambs skid
shearing their fleece on wind.

THE HUNT

A gosling dreams the stalker
in a sieve of leaves
dazzled as a buzz saw
the scent of quarry
corrupts
O see the divided neck
like freshly gutted tree
ooze.

HELEN SCALES . . .

was born in Michigan, graduated from the University of Arizona. She has written radio scripts and has had a number of plays produced. Her poetry has been published in university reviews and in *Experiment* and *Interim.* The necessarily brief poems included here do not adequately represent her work, which I think may become important — as there is an almost heroic quality in some of her longer poems.

CASSANDRA

Cassandra wore her agony,
in sepulchres, even as we,
as words glistered a row
of sworded men. Went
slipping into history
answers glassed as the
benches of the gallowed.

Cassandra met on a street
a mutiny of swallows,
listed the wings to show,
to show against a sky
the burning scars of pinions
the shelf of tongue spilled out,
the meadows of murder.

Cassandra, not as wild as will
speak another. Else had carved
a steepled reach. Nor went
on tablelands seeded with
desperation struck down as weeds,
us, to a century of instant
sudden as beast or subtle.

NOR WHEELER BE

Nor wheeler be
down the long river
nor whaler
at sea
nor weeper who sits on the black wall
with his fingers of dimes.

You walk with your shadow.
You bring no children.
So sterile a doom for he who was stroller
with egret and ostrich,
was troller,
was trawler,
looker for lace through the grilles of windows.

The owls sit on the rails of evening
and ask your name.
The hills whistle like riverboats.
The birches shake waterdrops off of their branches.

And you roll through the streets
in your wool and your straw.

THEY SAY THE OWL

"They say the owl," said Ophelia, going mad,
And laughed in her hell while Hamlet begged
A natal country for his drowning.

Names, rooted in ruts glow like seined eagles.
We will sing a new name, enumerate the dead,
The red rods of kings, the mighty hunter,
Enumerate the gales, too many, Aaron dumb in his grave.
And the name of murder like tare springs up in our fields of cane.

ADA DAVIES . . .

attended the University of Montana. She does advertising copy-writing, writes trade journal articles, plays the cello in a quartet. She has been published in *Voices* and other magazines.

POEM

Even in our dust we shall keep the young eagles,
Even without sun we must have horses;
The rocks are bitter, the moon-side is dark,
Yet the stars that we look for but never see
Are tea leaves against our burned eyes,
They are wool under our stretched ankles;
We shall keep our eagles, we shall find horses at last—
Horses with straight legs like amber vases.

KARIM AMIRKHOSROVI . . .

is a Persian student at the University of California. He has lived in Paris a good part of his life. This is his first successful poem in English, although he has done a good deal of work in French.

ELEGY FOR A YOUNG SUICIDE

You that uttered loneliness:
    How long
Into the singular fog of love,
The mathematics of pain?

Among the stainless trees
Your youth traded pebbles,
And banished the cipher
Of a given formlessness.

And then came this forgotten river
To rouse you,
Lands of stems
That she had meant to over-shadow.

Then the cobweb on the ceiling of brass.
And something left the delusion of peace.

EMILY WHITE . . .

is an artist and poet: married to a doctor, she lives in Fairfax, California. She has been published in verse magazines.

NOT LANTERN NOR LOCKSMITH

Seek not, preceded on the street.
Seek not, followed by lantern or locksmith.

Pour out of the shadows
The silkening oar of wings,
Tribe feathered, spot specied, vanishing;
Rattle the perturbed peace.

The silken oar of wings
Pours out of shadow into the pent-up street.
Not lantern nor locksmith.
Meet, ban, the painted door with flutter,
And into the core of key
Slip the silk stitch, weakening.

Parade stumbling, in
The wall-streaked street,
Not lantern nor locksmith.

WILLIAM LUTZ . . .

is one of the editors of *Number*. He has spent a good deal of time in the Orient, both during and before the war, and studied with the Sheikhs of Al Azhar University in Egypt. This is his first publication.

POEM

I shall tear your breathing like the chatter of monkeys
    scrubbed with red ink or blue of palace.
I will watch the patchwork Celebes move in a migration of mesh.
Below my aging April
    the great flow of the Nile.

    It's centuries of glancing sea!
        are a moving pillar of pines
        a crumpled day gone into Euphrates
        a train of dust pinned against a yellow wall.

You are my centennial of poppy
    my Tecumseh heart ebbing a fantasy of ruby!

I shall move checkmated troops
    exposed to tangent spray
    and listening to midnight.

BENJAMIN GROSS . . .

was born in San Francisco in 1922. He is a graduate of the University of California. His work has been published in *Tiger's Eye.*

STORM

The wind sent out wireless,
and pom-pom sailors.
The wind sent out messengers
of polyphonic waves
that drowned the apples
in Caribbean daggers.

The swivel of death,
color of madness,
ruptured the bellies of life-boats

Twenty manic G-men
cannot assuage it.
Or four-and-twenty blackbirds.

JEANNE McGAHEY . . .

won the Bender Award for Literature in 1942, and was published by *New Directions in Five Young American Poets* in 1941. She has been published in *Poetry, Furioso, The Quarterly Review of Literature, New Republic* and other magazines. She has written advertising copy, and for six years wrote the Yellow Cab Story Teller for a coast radio network.

SCENE BY RECOLLECTION

Not any one, by highway, turn of tide,
By time, by tower, by lantern's look,
By the gulls all crying like watchmen
Not any returns again
To that slipped city.
    The roofs all stood
With a slant of hands,
The sun was long on their sides
Like a traveller, the weathercocks turning
In a wrist of wind.

The children rose up out of the sea grass
With the sound of a thousand swallows.
(O where are the marks that were left
At the water's cold edge?)
    In the swamps
They hunted as tigers the marguerites
(But will not be found there now by fours and fives
In the dry trails.)

All night over the reef an ocean rolled its barrels
All day Sunday the fords went by like pickets.

The dead have been carried past so many bridges

All following their heels,

So many dying

The eyes like terriers or a bird's departure—

O call up the diggers' shapes of old umbrella

Arise, look no way back, O keeper of this stone gable!

Not any one, by angel, not by rod,

By surge, by steel returns, by steeple, warlock

—The foghorn will blow all night like a cold animal

No spaniel rise up on his stick bones:

The children among the dunes

Hear if they hear it the spring like a gabriel coming

Lark on a post his klaxon

But turn as crocus no more

Return no more.

O herald, howler at night, horn-hurling wind out of Arago

Shake as a host those rafters.

That old military

Storm gone south rides no rail backward:

Not any can hurry the sound of its high wheels.

ROSALIE MOORE . . .

won the Bender Award for Literature in 1943, and the University of Chicago's Charles L. Sergel Award for poetic drama, with "The Boar." Her volume, *The Grasshopper's Man,* was selected by W. H. Auden for the Yale Series for 1949. She has been published in *Yale Review, Poetry of Chicago, Commonweal, Furioso, Circle, Berkeley, Contour* and other magazines.

LOST POEM

The heart is by all means the grave.
What Lucy wears as locket, what hero
Offers to fear as door-lock, is not:
But the terrible two-part engine,
Monster of self, is heart.

Turn not your face from me as card's man,
Half an eye in a board house;
The journey not undertaken attacks my landscape,
The fingers and joints of post
Point noplace I have been . . .

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